



ye Olde Songs

INDEX

Page	Page	Page
Annie Laurie 1	It's a Long Way to Tip- perary 21	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep 8
Aul' Lang Syne 3	Juanita 7-8	Robin Adair 18
Bridal Chorus from Lo- hengrin 16	Last Rose of Summer,	Sweet and Low 8
Blue Bells of Scotland, The 16	The 10	Stars of the Summer Night 9
Cornin' Thro' the Rye... 2	Lead Kindly Light 16	Soldier's Farewell, The 11
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean 19	Long, Long Ago 18	Scotland's Burning 23
Campbell's Are Coming, The 38	Maple Leaf For Ever, The 8	Those Evening Bells 17
Dearest Spot, The 7	My Last Cigar 6	The Flag We Love 22
Dixie Land 14	My Bonnie 19	Three Blind Mice 20
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton 29	My Old Kentucky Home 12	Three Little Kittens 21
Good-Night, Ladies 36	Marching Thro' Georgia 23	Uncle Ned 11
Home, Sweet Home 22	My Maryland 39	We'll Pay Paddy Doyle 14
Hall, Columbia 27	O Canada 20	When the Swallows Homeward Fly 17
In the Gloaming 4	Old Folks at Home 9	We're Tenting To-Night 28
	Old Cabin Home, The 13	
	Old Black Joe 31	
	Raise the Flag 26	

Annie Laurie

Lady JOHN SCOTT

Tenderly

1. Max-wel-ton's braces are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the daw, And 'twas there that
 2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan, No face it
 3. Like daw on th'gown-an-ly-ing loth' fa'e her fair-y feet, And like winds in



An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true, Gave me her prom-ise true, Which
 is the fair-est That o'er the sun shone on. That o'er the sun shone on, And
 sun-mer sight-ing, Her voice is low and sweet. Her voice is low and sweet, And she's



never-for-got will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and die.
 dark blue is her e's, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and die.
 o' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and die



AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should old acquaintances be for - got, And never brought to mind? Should
 2. We two ha's run a - bout the brass, And pu'd the gow-an fine; But we've
 3. We two ha's sported 't' the bare tree morn-ing' sun till dinne, But
 4. And here's a hand, my trusty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

Coda.

old ac-quaintance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne }
 wan - dered mony a was - ty foot sin' cold lang syne } For auld lang
 seas be-tween us braid ha's roared sin' cold lang syne }
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet for auld lang syne }

Repeat Chorus if.

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y
 2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' free the town, If a bod-y
 3. Among the train there is a swain I deer-ly love py-eel'; But what's his name,

him a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry? } greet a bod-y Need a bod-y frown? } Ev-ry lad-y has her lad-y,
 where's his name, I din-na choose to tell. }

Him, they say, he's I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

Sweet and Low.

pp Larghetto.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;
Rest, rest, on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

O - ver the roll - - - ing wa - : - ter go, Come from the
Fa - ther will come to his home in the nest, all - : - we

dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
from the moon and blow, Under the all - - ver moon

sails all out of the west, While my lit - tie one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
sails out of the west, Sleep, my lit - tie one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep

Rall. + dim.

pp

MARY OAKES
Andante

In the Gloaming

ANNIE PORTERSON HARRISON

1. In the gloam-ing O my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low-
2. In the gloam-ing O my dar-ling! think not lit-tar-ly of me!

roll.

And the qui - et shad - ows fall - ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go,-
Then I passed a - way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free,

Agitato

When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly with a gas - tie, un-known woes,-
For my heart was crushed with long - ing, what had been could nev - er be.

con anima

Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long a - go?
It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and best for me,-

The Maple Leaf for ever.

Sheet music for 'The Maple Leaf for ever.' featuring four staves of music with lyrics. The lyrics are as follows:

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, While the daunt-less
2. At Queen-ton Height and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-them,
3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to
4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hea-ven

Ho-ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri-tain's flag, On Ca-na-ja's fair do-
side by side, For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no - bly
Noot-ka Sound; May peace for ev-er be our lot, And plen-toon store... a-
sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot-land ev-er more, And ire-land's Em-er-ald

main- Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in lew to-
died; And those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them
bound; And may those ties of love be ours Which dis-cord can - not
Isle! Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for - est

gather, The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose an-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
never! Our watchword ev-er more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
never And flour-ish green o'er Freed-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
quiver God save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

CHORUS.

1. The Ma-ple Leaf, our am-biem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
2. The Ma-ple Leaf, our am-biem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
3. The Ma-ple Leaf, our am-biem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! And
4. The Ma-ple Leaf, our am-biem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God

save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
flour-ish green o'er Freed-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

My Last Cigar

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glo-ri-ous sum - mer day, I
2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter - rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en
3. I watched the aah - ee as it came Fast draw-ing to the end; I
4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, I've

sat up - on the quar - ter - deck, And whifed my cares a - way; And
there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful ly. O,
watched it as a friend would watch Be - side a dy - ing friend; But
watched a - bove the blight - ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've

as the vol - umed smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to
what had I at such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem - bing
still the flame crept alow - ly on, It van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me,
now - or known a sor - row That could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca -

REFRAIN.

think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar, It
tear pre - claimed It was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar.
spare the tale, It was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar.
na - ry Isles, I smoked my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar.

was my last ci - gar; I breath'd a sigh to thin', in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.

THE DEAREST SPOT.

7

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home. The fair - y land I've
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learned to look with
D. C.—The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've
Fine.

longed to see Is home, sweet home; There how charmed the sense of hearing, There where hearts are
lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home; There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are
. longed to see Is home, sweet home.

D. C.

so en - dear - ing; All the world is not so cheer-ing As home, sweet home.
so u - ni - ted; All the world be-sides I've slight-ed For home, sweet home.

JUANITA.

Spanish Melody.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Lin-g'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2 When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam-ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?

Wear-y looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well, Ni - tai Jua - ni - tai
In thy heart con-cent - ing To a prayer gone by? Ni - tai Jua - ni - tai

JUANITA—Cea.

Ask thy soul if we should part! Mi - tel Jea - si - tel
Let me lie - ger by thy side! Mi - tel Jea - si - tel Lean thou on my heart,
Be my own fair bride!

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

1. Rocked in the cra - die of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, The stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,

So - care I root up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or that the tem - per's fer - ry break, Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death.—

I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar - row's fall;
In o - cean eave still safe with Thee, The gull of in - mor - tel i - ty;

And calm and peace - ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - die of the deep;

And calm and peace - ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - die of the deep.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

9

1. Stars of the sun - mer night, Far in you an - cre deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sun - mer night, Far down you woot - era steepa, Sink, sink in
 3. Dreams of the sun - mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch while, in
 gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps,
 all - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 sun-beds light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

1. Way down up - on de Swa - me riv - er, Far, far a - way,
 All up and down do whole cre - a - tion, Dad - ly I roam,
 2. All com' - de lit - tie farm I was - dered, When - y was young;
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hop - py was I;
 3. One lit - tie bat a - mong de bush - es, One that I love,
 When will I see de bess a - bum - ming All roun' de comb?

Finis.

Derr's wha my heart is turn - ing ev - er, Derr's wha do old fol - ks at stay.
 Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old fol - ks at home.
 Det. man - y hap - py days I squan - dered, Man - y de songs I sang.
 Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - by rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.
 When will I hear de ban - jo tun - ming, Down in my good old home!

D.S.—Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from de old folks at home.
 REFRAIN.

D.S.

All de world is sad and drear - y. Be - ty - where I roam;

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; All her love-ly com-pa-nions Are sad-ed and gone; No flow-er of her kindred,
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the love-ly are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kindly I scatter
 3. So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de-cay, And from love's shining cir-cle The gems drop a-way; When true hearts be withered

No rose-bud is nigh, To re-fect back her blinsh-on, Or give sigh for sigh.
 Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie dead-less and dead.
 And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone!

MY BONNIE.

1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the c-oean, My Bon-nie is o-ver the sea, My Bon-nie is
 2. O blow, ye winds, o-ver the c-oean, And blow, ye winds, o-ver the sea, O blow, ye winds,
 3. Last night as I lay on my pil-low, Last night as I lay on my bed, Last night as I
 4. The winds have blown over the o-ocean, The winds have blown over the sea, The winds have blown

Coda.

o-ver the o-ocean, O bring back my Bon-nie to me. o-ver the o-ocean, And bring back my Bon-nie to me. o-ver the o-ocean, I dreamed that my Bon-nie was dead. o-ver the o-ocean, And bro't back my Bon-nie to me. Bring back, Bring Back,

Bring back my Bon-nie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back. O bring back my Bon-nie to me.

UNCLE NED.

11

1. There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long a-go long a-go.
 2. His fingers were long as the cane in the brake, And he had no eyes for to see;
 3. One cold frosty morning, old Ned died, Mass-a's tears they fell like the rain;

He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.
 And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe cake, So he had to let the hoe-cake be.
 For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd never see his like a gain.

REFRAIN. Bass Solo.

Harmony

Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow;

For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies go.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

J. Kinkel.

1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad thought deep doth grieve me; But know, whate'er befalls me, I
 2. No more shall I be-hold thee. Or to my heart en-fold thee; In war's ar-ray ap-pearing, The
 3. I'll think of thee with longing, When tho'st with tears come thronging; And on the field, if ly-ing, I'll

go where honor calls me. }
 toe a stern hosts are nearing. } Farewell, farewell, my own true love! Farewell, farewell, my own true love!
 breathe thy dear name, dying. }

My Old Kentucky Home

S. C. Foster

Bethel Aires

1. { The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tucky home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay;
The young folks roll on the lit - tie cab-in floor, All mer - ry, all happy and bright;
2. { They hunt no more for the pea-sun and the bean, On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore;
The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor - row where all was de - light;
3. { The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark-ey may go;
A few more days for to tote the wee - ty load— No mat-ter, 'twill sor - er be light;

The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day.
By'm-ty hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my (Omit)
They sing no more by the glim-meer of the moon, On the beach by the old cab-in door.
The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my (Omit)
A few more days, and the trou-bles all will end, In the field where the sugar-cane grew;
A few more days till we set - ter on the road, Then my (Omit)

CHORUS

Old Kentucky home, good-night! Way in - my lady, O weep no more to-day!

We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a-way.

The Old Cabin Home

1. I am go - ing far a-way, Far a-way to leave you now, To the
 2. I am going to leave this land, With this, our dark-ey land, . . To
 3. What old age . . comes on us, And my hair is turn - ing gray, . . PH

Min - sion - y - pi val - ley I am go - ing; I will take my old ban - jo,
 trav - el all the wide . . world . . ver, And when I get . . tired,
 hang up the ban - jo all a - lone; . . I'll . . sit down by the fire,

And I'll sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
 I will set - tie down to rest, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
 And I'll pass the time a - way, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.

Chorus

Here is my Old Cab - in Home, . . Here is my sis - ter and my brother,

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mother.

P. Allegro.

DIXIE LAND.

Dan. Emmet

1. I wish I was in the land of cot-toon, Old times dar am not for-got-ten, Look a
 2. Old Mis-sis mar-ry Will, de wan-ber, Will-um was a gay do-cear-er; Look a
 3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to gress'er, Look a

way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar' I was born in,
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his arm a-round' or He
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sis act-ed the fool-ish part, And

Bar - ly on one frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 emiled as force as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus.

Don I wish I was in Dixie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand To lib' taddie in

Dixie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dixie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dixie.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Mis-sis,
 And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away! etc.
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow.
 Look away! etc.

Dar's buck-wheat eaten an' inges' batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter
 Look away! etc.
 Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabbie,
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabbie,
 Look away! etc.

We'll Pay Paddy Doyle

CHANTY SONG

Way - ay - ay, ... ah! We'll pay Pad-dy Doyle for his boots!

Bridal Chorus, from Lohengrin

RICHARD WAGNER 13

Andante

Gaud - et - us, three hap - py pair, Es - ter this door-way, 'tis love that in - vites;

All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri - umph - ant for ev - er u - nites.

Cham - pion of vir - tue, bold - ly ad - vance, Flow'r of all beau - ty, gen - tly ad - vance;

Now the loud mirth of rev - elling is end - ed, Night, bring - ing peace and stillness, has de-

scend - ed. Fann'd by the breath of hap - pi - ness, rest, Clos'd to the world, by love on - ly meet!

umph - ant for ev - er u - nites, for - ev or u - nites.

Lead, Kindly Light.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
O was not ev - er thus, our Father led us through that gloom;
So long Thy pow'r hath been our trust, still

Lead Thou me on! Lead Thou me on! Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; choose and see my path; but now I see, o'er drag and tor-rent, till

Lead Thou me on! Lead Thou me on! Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I The night is gone. And with the morn those

do not ask to see..... The dir - ected morn; one sin - n - e - bough for me. day, and spits of fear, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem - ber not past years! an - gel fa - see smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

The Blue-Bells of Scotland.

1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad - die gone? O where, and O
2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad - die dwell? O where, and O
3. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die! Sup - pose, and sup -

where is your High-land lad - die gone! He's gone to fight the foe, for King where does your High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in oer - ry Scot - land, at the pose that your High-land lad should die! The bag-p; - shall play o'er him, and I'd

George up - on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home! sign of the Blue - Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well. lay me down and cry; But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

17

1. When the swal-lows homeward fly, When the re - - - - - see scattered lie, When from
 2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange grove, When the
 3. Hush, my bee - - why thus complain? Thou must, too, thy woes ex-plain, Thou on

nei-ther hill nor dale Chants the all - v'y night-in-gale; In these words my bleeding
 red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding
 earth no more we love, Loud-ly breathing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re-

heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose,
 heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose,
 yet, Yield-ing to these words be-lief; I shall see thy form a-gain,

Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose?
 Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose?
 Though to-day we part a-gain, Though to-day we part a-gain.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

1. Those eve - ning bells! those eve - ning bells! How man - y a tale their mu - sic tells,
 2. Those joy - ous hours have passed a-way; And man - y a heart that then was gay,
 3. And so 'twill be when I - - - - - That tune - ful bell will still ring on,

Of youth and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime.
 With-in the tomb now dark-ly dwells, And hears no more those eve-ning bells.
 While oth-er bards shall walk these dels, And sing your praise, sweet eve-ning bells.

LONG, LONG AGO.

T. H. Bayly.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
 2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go?
 3. The' by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go,

Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 You by more el - o - quent lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

D. S. — Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 D. S. — Still my heart treas - ure the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 D. S. — Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

D. S.

Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for - get that so long you have roved,
 Then, to all oth - ers, my smile you pre-fered, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
 But by long ab-sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I list - on with pride,

ROBIN ADAIR.

Caroline Keppel.

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; Where's all the joy and mirth
 2. What wasn't I wished to see, What wished to hear? What, when the play was o'er,
 3. What made th'as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair; Rob - in was there; Yet him I loved so well,
 3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; Rob - in A - dair;

That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
 What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.
 Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A - dair.

4. Bayly.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

19

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The
2. When war winged its wide des-o-lation, And threatened the land to de-form, The
3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May the

shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy
ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the
wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave: May the

mandates make he-roes as-sem-blies, When Lib-er - ty's form stands in view; Thy
gar-lands of vic-tory a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her
serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er say-er, But hold to their col-ons no trou; The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue; When
flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue; The
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; The Three

borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

O CANADA!

Words by Auguste Brise

Musette

PIANO

Melody by G. Lesslie
Arranged by J. Christopher Marks

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the piano, indicated by the word "PIANO" and a treble clef. The second staff is for the vocal part, indicated by a bass clef. The third and fourth staves are also for the vocal part, indicated by a bass clef. The vocal parts feature lyrics in both English and French. The lyrics are as follows:

1. O Can-a - da!
2. O Can-a - da!
3. O Can-a - da!
4. O Can-a - da!

voice goes o'er the sea,
flags of old were free,
camp and smoke and tree,
works and works shall be

Home of the brave
Brave On - ion Jack
Stars bey - a - gure
In days to come

land of lib - er - ty;
gal - lant flower do - lis.
forth for love of those:
right and truth and thee:

In tholy barges of old by the fog and foam Thy
For... God and right ay truth and might Our
Thy... riv - ore both they frankl of old Thro'
From bound to bound, by field and foam In...

Copyright, Canada, MCMXIV by Whaley, Raye & Co Limited U. S. Copyright MCMXIV by Whaley, Raye & Co Limited

Levallois
Upper Marks

see - men cross'd the wave; On crest and o'er they flung the flag, For the
In there fought and fell; From sire to son this pray'r shall run... O —
for we flood and foam! O'er seas of land by mountains grand, They
hand and heart we bring This song of old from fa'thers bold... Long

right, the free- and brave
guard this gne - dan well
cross'd the north-man's home
live our no - ble King

1-4 O Can a dot.

By field and stream... God save this glorious land where we may

cross! O land of lib - er - ty! the north-man's home

tempo

O land of lib - er - ty! the north - man's home.

solo voice

THE FLAG WE LOVE

L. 1 We are bear-ing the flag of the red, white, and blue. As
 2. With the hon-ors of war-fare and strife bravely won, It's
 3. March-ing on, march-ing on, with our face to the foe, To-day we

All low - ship we stand - Ta our loved U - ion Jack we will
 waved o'er land and sea; And that but - tired and scarred, still it's
 like cow - and more; Truth and Jus - tice a head to re

ev - er be won, Glori - ous tem - ble! And our Land! love!
 soils proud - ly on, 'Tis the gloom - ey of the free! love!
 pal ev - ry blow, ... Gail with shield, the flag we

John Howard Payne.

H. R. Bishop.

1. Bid pleas - ure and pal - a - ce though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. Goo on the moor as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. As ex - ile from home spleen - dor dan - cles in vain, Oh, give me a

hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there,
 moth - er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that morn from our own cottage door,
 low - ly thatched cottage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gay - y, that came at my call,

FINE REPRIM. D.S.

Which, seen thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where,
 Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Give me them, and that peace of mind dear - er than all. }

D.S. — There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

H. C. Work.

23

H. C. W.

1. Bring the good old bu - gie, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song— Sing it with a
 2. How the dark - ie shout-ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
 3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
 4. "Sherman's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - cy
 5. So we made a thor -ough-fare for free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in

spir - it that will start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it,
 gob - bled which our com - mis - sary found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
 reb - els said, and 'twas a hand-some boat, Had they not for - got, a - las, to
 lat - i - tude - three hun - dred to the main; Tre - son fled be - fore us, for re-

D. S.—So we sang the cho - rus from Al -
FINE. CHORUS.

fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
 breaking forth in cheer, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. Hur - rab! hur - rah! we
 reck - on with the noot, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. Hur - rab! hur - rah!
 sist - ance was in vain, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.

lan - ts to the sea, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.

D. S.

bring the ja - ba - loo! Hur - rab! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!

SCOTLAND'S BURNING. (Round.)

1.

2.

3.

4.

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning, Look out, look out! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Pour on water, Pour on water.

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary."

Piano

Allegro con spirto

JACK JUDGE & HARRY WILLIAMS

To might - ty Lon - don — Ir - ish man one day,
Pad - dy wrote a let - ter to his Ir - ish Mol - ly O,
Mol - ly wrote a neat re - ply — Ir - ish Pad - dy O,

As the street are paved with gold, sure ev - ry - one was gay;
Say - ing, "Should you not re - ceive it, write and let me know;
Say - ing, "Mike Ma - lon - ey wants to mar - ry me, and so

Sing - ing songs of Pic - ca - dil - ly, Strand and Leice-ster Square, Till
"If I make mis - takes in "spell-ing," Mol - ly dear," said he, "Re -
Leave the Strand and Pic - ca - dil - ly, or you'll be to blame, For

Pad - dy got ex - cit - ed, then he shout - ed — them there -
men - ber it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me."
love has fair - ly drove me all - ly - hop - ing you're the same!"

Copyright, 1912, by B. Feldman & Co., London, Eng. All rights reserved

Sheet music for the song "It's a long way to Tipperary". The music is arranged for voice and piano, featuring two staves. The vocal part uses a soprano C-clef, and the piano part uses a treble G-clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The music consists of eight lines of musical notation, each containing a different line of the song's lyrics.

The lyrics are:

It's a long way to Tip - per - ar
It's a long way to go! It's a
long way to Tip - per - ar
sweet - est girl I know.
Good - bye. Fare - well.
Fare-well. Leices - ter Square. It's a long, long
way to Tip - per - ar . . . y, But my heart's right
there! "It's a there!" D.C. B.

RAISE THE FLAG.

Moderato.

Words and Music by E. G. NELSON.

1. Raise the flag, our glorious banner, O'er this fair Can-a-dian land,
2. Raise the flag, o'er hill and valley, Let it wave from sea to sea;
3. Raise the flag, and, with the banner, Shouts of triumph let us raise;
4. Raise the flag of the Do-min-ion, That the world may un-der-stand-
5. Raise the flag; Who dare assail it, Guarded by the Em-pire's might?

From the stern At-lan-tic O-cean To the far Pa-ci-fic strand,
Flag of Can-a-da and Britain, Flag of Right and Li-ber-ty
Sons of Can-a-da will guard it, And her daughters sing its praise.
This will be our en-sign ev-er, In our broad Can-a-dian land
Raise the flag of our Do-min-ion, Stand for Country, God, and Right;

Chorus. *f*

cres.

Raise the flag, with shouts of gladness, 'Tis the banner of the free!

Bright-ly gleaming, proudly streaming, 'Tis the Flag of Li-ber-ty.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in
2. im-mor-tal pa-triot-ies once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with
3. sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ing-ton's great name Ring thro' the world with
4. bold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The rock on which the

Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
tm-pious hand, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where as-cred lies, Of
loud ap-plause, Ring thro' the world with loud ap-plause; Let ev'-ry clime to free-dom dear
storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in vir-tue, firm and true, His

joyed the peace your val-or won, Let in-de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful
toll and blood the well-earned prize, While off-ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place a
Lis-ten with a joy-ful ear, With e-qual skill, with God-like pow'r, He gov-erns in the
hopes are fixed on heav'n and you, When hope was sink-ing in dis-may, When gloom obscured Co-

CHORUS

what it cost; Ev-er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies.
man-ly trust, That Truth and Justice will prevail, And ev'-ry scheme of bond-age fail, }
fear-ful hour Of horrid war; or guides with ease The hap-pier times of hon-est peace. } Firm, u-ni-ted,
Colum-bia's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolved on death or lib-er-ty.

let us be, Rallying round our liberty; As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.

We're Tenting To-Night

WALTER KITTYBROOK

Chorus

I. 2, 3 **4 ppp**

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

The sheet music consists of six staves of musical notation in common time, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below each staff. The first staff contains three lines of lyrics:

2. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braces; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the course-es of
3. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how love-ly It glides, And winds by the cot where my

The second staff contains two lines of lyrics:

... in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy marmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
clear-welling rill! There dai-ly I ... der, as morn ris-es high; My flock-s and my

The third staff contains two lines of lyrics:

Ma-ry re-sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, Ah, gath-ring sweet

The fourth staff contains two lines of lyrics:

Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds from the
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How please-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-

The fifth staff contains two lines of lyrics:

flow-rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green

The sixth staff contains two lines of lyrics:

Hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crested
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ro-ses blow! There oft, as mild

The seventh staff contains two lines of lyrics:

brace, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a-

The eighth staff contains two lines of lyrics:

leap-wing, thy screaming fox-hound, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair,
... wing creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scented birk shades my Ma-ry and me,

The ninth staff contains two lines of lyrics:

sleep by thy marmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

MY MARYLAND.

J. S. R. Randall.

1. The des-pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! His torch is at thy
 2. Hark to an ex - ill'd son's ap-peal, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! My Mu-th - er State, to
 3. Thou wilt not c - w - er in the dust, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! Thy gloaming sword shall

tem - ple door, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! A - venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore That
 thee I kneal! Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy
 nev - er rust, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! Re - mem - ber Car - roll's ea - cred trust, Re-

locked the streets of Bal - ti - more, And be the bat - tle-queen of yore, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!
 peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal, And gird thy bantous limbs with steel, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!
 mem - ber Howard's war-like thrust, And all thy slumb'rs with the just, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
 2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
 3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.

Mer - ri - ly we roll along, Roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer - ri - ly we roll along, Over the dark blue sea.

THREE BLIND MICE. (Round.)

1. Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run, See how they run! They all ran after the farmer's wife,

4. She cut off their tails with a carving knife; Did ever you see such a thing in your life, As three blind mice?

OLD BLACK JOE..

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear that I

cot - tea - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know,
 friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go,
 hold up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.

CHORUS.

I hear their gen-tle voi - ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my
 head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi - ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Three Little Kittens

TENORS

B, B, 3. Once upon a time there were three little kittens who lay in a basket of saw - aw - dust;

BASSES

After last stanza

Said the { first { little kitten un-to the { other two { If you don't get { I must; That's all.
 second { little cat, { out of this, then {
 third }

The Campbells are Coming

Old Scotch Air

Lively G.

The Campbell's are com - in', O ho, O ho, The Campbell's are com - in', O,

ho, O ho! The Camp-bells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch - lev - on, The

Fine.

Camp-bells are com - in', O ho, O ho! 1. Up - on the Lo-monds I
2. The great Ar - gyle, he
3. The Camp-bells they are

lay, I lay, Up - on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay, I look'd down to
goes be - fore, He makes his can - non loud , ly roar; Wi' sound of trum-pet,
in arms, Their toy - al faith and truth to show; Wi' ban-ners rat - tlin'

D.S. al Fine.

bon - nie Loch - lev - on And heard three bon - nie pi - per play. The
pipe, and drum, The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The
in . . . the wind, The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The

RE